

Lonely Souls Only Meet at Night by **KawaiiKilala77**

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Summary: A story in which Jack had not met Jamie and his first believer was a boy who had a family that treated him like a ghost. A boy by the name of Bill Denbrough. Pre-Slash Jack Frost/Bill Denbrough. DenFrost

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Bill roughly wipes his face, angry at himself for breaking down like that.

What did he expect? That after he avenged his brother's killer that his parents would finally snap out of it and acknowledge him? That they would be reminded that they had another son to care and love?

He would have been stupid to believe that! Even though a small part of him had hoped that it would have been enough for his parents to love him again.

Sniffling, Bill wipes the last remaining tears before an odd sensation made him pause. Blinking in confusion, he raises his head and stares into the walkway of the house. Sitting still, Bill waited before gasping in astonishment when he sees small, flurries of snow falling in front of him, some of them landing in his clasped hands and on his hair.

Opening his palms, Bill stares with amazement as snow falls on his hands, smiling at the wet and cold sensation.

It was odd to see snow during the late summer, in fact, it should have been impossible!

Suddenly, a memory resurfaces into his head, an old memory that beheld his smiling and somewhat young mother as she caressed his cheek, looking tired yet relaxed after putting Georgie down to sleep.

"Mama, look, look! Look at the pretty patterns on the window!" a young Bill exclaimed as he eyed the living room window.

"My, they sure are pretty aren't they? You'll have to thank Jack Frost for that."

Bill paused before looking at his mother, "Jack Frost? Who's that?"

Sharon smiled indulgently, "Jack Frost is a mischievous sprite that likes to nip your nose and toes for fun but he always leaves beautiful patterns on

windows and leaves."

"Is that all mama?"

"No honey; he's a winter sprite who brings winter and snow. You should say "Thank you" to him for bringing you that snow storm that you wanted."

Bill nodded as he turned to the window, "Do you think he could hear me mama?"

"Of course he can."

Smiling excitedly, Bill cried out, "Thank you Jack Frost!"

Sharon laughed, "Come on Bill, let's go to the kitchen and drink some hot chocolate."

"Okay mama." Bill replied before stepping away from the window. But before he left to follow his mother, he could have sworn that he heard a gentle and heartfelt, "You're welcome". Bill turned back to stare at the window with curiosity.

"Bill!"

Jumping slightly, Bill looked away from the window and rushed towards his mother's side.

Shaking away that simple yet sweet memory away, Bill couldn't help but smile in amusement as he looks at the faint snow before something in the corner of his eye caught his attention. Looking to the side, he froze.

Leaning against the porch, posture lax, stood a male figure. A tall boy with shocking white hair and his skin a snowy complexion. On his hand was a staff; a staff with a hook.

Taken aback, Bill rubs his eyes harshly, blinking away the slight pain before looking back at the direction from before. Nope, the guy was still there.

Frowning in confusion, Bill calls out, "Who a-are you? Wuh-why are

you near o-our puh-porch?"

The older boy seems to freeze, head snapping towards his and his mouth slightly agape.

"Are you...Are you talking to me?" the older teen questions, standing to his full height as he stares at Bill with disbelief and...hope?

"Yes, I'm tuh-talking to you."

Then Bill notice with slight apprehension that the snow paused, it literally stopped in midair as the other boy continue to stare at him. Then the white haired boy begins to walk towards him. But what got his attention was that every step the teen took, the grass was covered in snow. What the...

"You...you can see me?" he asks gently, his voice not above a whisper.

His eyes were the brightest blue Bill has ever seen.

Slight embarrassed for staring too long, Bill responds, "O-of course I cuh-can s-see you. How can't I wuh-when you're s-s-standing in fuh-front of me?"

The boy lets out a disbelieved laugh, running a hand through his unnaturally white hair.

"No one has been able to see before."

"Wuh-what do you muh-mean?"

The teen gives Bill a grin that was tinged with melancholy, "Besides you, no one can see me. It's as though I'm invisible; no matter how much I talk, scream, or touch, everything goes through me or I go through them. Like a ghost. For a long period of time, I questioned my existence."

Feeling his heart clench in sympathy pain, Bill says, "I huh-haven't gone through that in a luh-long period of tuh-time but I can understand wuh-what you're going through."

He sees the boy glance at the dark house behind him, "I believe that."

"You s-s-still haven't a-answered me."

The blue eyed boy tilts his head, "Answer what?"

"Who are you?"

The tall teen then grins at him, lips pull back to show blinding, white teeth as his eyes sparkled. He brought his hand to his mouth and gently blew on it.

Bill stares in amazement as a snowball formed perfectly in his hand.

"If I tell you mines, would you tell me yours?" he asks in a lilting tone, eyes glinting with amusement and glee.

Bill nods at his request.

"Well my dear, first believer, my name's Jack; Jack Frost."

If it wasn't for the snow, the slight chill in the air, and the white hair, Bill would have thought that this random teen was trying to pull a trick on him. But he knew, he knew and the evidence in front of him was proof enough for him to believe that this boy standing before him is exactly the person he was claiming to be.

Lips forming a happy yet timid smile, Bill respond in quiet awe, "My name's Bill Denbrough."